Vol. VI. Numb. 58

THE OBSERVATOR.

More Diſcourſe with the Country-man *about the Pope's Cup of Fornication. A Story about ſome debauch'd Conſtables of* Weſtminſter. Dyer's *Recantation of a lying Paragraph in his News-Letter.*

From Wednesday, September 17. to Saturday, September 20. 1707.

Country-m. MAſter, we were upon Vornication laſt Time, and muſt be upon it again.

Obſ. What's the Matter, *Roger*? I thought you had been paſt thoſe Things; but it ſeems you make good the Proverb, *That old Rats love to ſmell Cheeſe.*

Country-m. Why ſo hard upon honeſt *Roger*, Maſter? You have a Mind to make *Joan* jealous, have you?

Obſ. No, *Roger*; but I would know, why that Subject runs in your Head.

Country-m. I'll tell you then, Maſter; I thought what you ſaid then, had ſo much Reaſon in it, that I want to have more of it; for I always thought, according to my Country Underſtanding, that Vornication had been only the Effect of Heat of youthful Blood; but I find, that the Great He-Whore, makes a politick Uſe of it.

Obſ. Very true, *Roger*; and one of the beſt, I mean, greateſt Politicks he can make Uſe of.

Country-m. How's that, Maſter?

Obſ. Why, *Roger*, I told you before, that by giving a full Liberty to lewd Princes, and their Miniſters, to wallow in Impurity, he makes them his moſt obſequious Slaves, and gets them into his ſtrong Box. He does the ſame by other People: For had you been in Popiſh Countries, as I have, *Roger*, you would find the Women perfectly mad with Zeal for Popery.

Country-m. What may be the Reaſon of that, Maſter?

Obſ. The Reaſon is, that every Woman in Popiſh Countries, may have as many Stallions or Cullies, as ſhe makes Uſe of Prieſts or Father-Confeſſors; eſpecially marry'd Women, who make meer *Cover-Sluts* of the Ninnies, their Huſbands: For I can aſſure you, *Roger*, the Popiſh Clergy, regular and ſecular, tho' they pretend Chaſtity, are for enhauncing all the Women, as well as all the Wine, to themſelves; and could they as handſomely deny Women to us Lay-men, as they deny us the Cup, we ſhould not have one Bit of the Women, no more than one Drop of the Wine.

Country-m. Do you hear, *Joan*, what Maſter *Obſervator* ſays? I am afraid, Maſter, our tacking Prieſts are of the ſame Kidney. I tell you, Huzzy, that if I find you ſo kind to the tacking Prieſts, as you have been, the next Time I zee any of 'em in my Houſe, I'll not only drub 'em with my Oaken Towel, but ſend for *Tom*, the Sow-Gelder. Maſter, an't I in the right.

Obſ. Country-man, I believe *Joan* is a vertuous Woman; but in the Main, the Men you ſpeak of, are dangerous Gueſts; their Buſineſs, like that of the Popiſh Clergy, is, *to creep into Houſes, and lead captive ſilly Women, laden with divers Luſts*; therefore I admire the Politicks of the *Northern* Crowns, to prevent the Influence of the Prieſts in their Country. They know, that the Popiſh Clergy, like their Father the Devil, are for making the Aſſault on the weakeſt Side, and tempt their *Eves*; therefore, when ever they catch any of thoſe wild Boars in their Forreſts, they certainly geld 'em, and that clears their Country of thoſe noiſome Fellows, better than all our Statutes of Treaſon does ours: For I aſſure you, *Roger*, however hateful and dangerous the Prieſts ſay our *Northern* Hereſy is, they had rather we ſhould all be damn'd with it, to uſe their own Dialect, than they ſhould loſe the carnal Man, by delivering us from it.

Country-m. Maſter, if you'll draw up a Bill for me againſt next Parliament, to change our Treaſon-Acts againſt the Prieſts, into Gelding-Acts, I'll give our two Knights a Turky and Chine of Bacon, to preſent it. I fancy, Maſter, it would be one of the beſt Ways and Means that can be thought on, to keep out young *Perkin*; for upon my honeſt Word, Lewdneſs increaſes ſo much among us, that I am afraid the St. *Germain's* Party will at laſt get the upper Hand of us, by that Means.

Obſ. Why ſo, *Roger*? We have good Laws againſt Prophaneneſs and Immorality, and a good Queen, who iſſues frequent Proclamations to put thoſe Laws in Execution.

Country-m. That's all true, Maſter; her Majeſty, God be thank'd, is very good; but thoſe intruſted with the Execution of thoſe Laws, are not all ſo. Zee, Maſter, what a Vornication-Story is ſent here to *Roger*, your *Country-man*, from *Weſtminſter!*

Obſ. Read it, *Roger.*

Country-m. It is thus, Maſter:

Honeſt Roger,

" ON *Sunday* the 24th of *Auguſt*, the Con-
" ſtables of *Weſtminſter* met by order of
" the High-Conſtable, at the *Sun* and *Flaſk* Ta-
" vern in *Picadilly*, in order to ſearch for diſ-
" orderly Perſons; where ſome got ſo drunk,
" that they could hardly ſtand; others gave
" Notice to the Whores and Bawds, and parti-
" cularly ſome of *Covent-Garden*; where two
" of the *Weſt* Diviſion went into *Sarah Green's*,
" alias *Collet's* Coffee-houſe, in St. *Martins-*
" *Court*, and up Stairs found *Sarah Blackmore*,
" and there theſe two worthy Beggar-makers,

" chaſtis'd

" chaſtis'd her ſmartly with *Adam*'s Rod, and " ſo acquitted her: The other two, when their " Patience was thred-bare, came to find their " loſt Brethren; one went up Stairs, met young " *Guts* coming down, and old *Chin* putting " up the carnal Weapon of his Fleſh; the vio- " lent Uſe of which, ſet the Wine a-float to " that Degree, that young *Guts*, his Brother " Sterling, was fain to ſee him Home, for Fear " he ſhould have as many Attendants, as when " he loſt his Watch and Money. Your Maſter's " Obſervations and Advice, *Roger*, how we " may have as honeſt Conſtables for *Weſtminſter*, " as we have in the City and Country, will " infinitely oblige your old Friend, who aſ- " ſures you, you never had a truer Story ſent " you.

Obſ. A very foul Story, *Roger*: If the Perſons who ſent it, can make legal Proof of it, we have Judges in *England* that will puniſh ſuch Villains. I think they ought to have their Conſtables Staves broke over their Heads; to be chain'd to thoſe Strumpets, and carry'd thro' the Streets in that Manner to Mr. *Redding*'s Bridewel; where, I am inform'd, Offenders of that Sort, never paſs without due Correction. It's the proper Buſineſs of the Magiſtrates of *Weſtminſter*, to take more Care of the Choice of their Conſtables; and for that End, I will ſend the Story to be printed, juſt as it is, to put thoſe leud Conſtables to Shame, at leaſt in their own Minds, if they have any Modeſty left them.

Country-m. I think, Maſter, we have enough of Vornication for this Bout. Pray read this Paragraph of *Dyer*'s *Reports*, or *News-Letter*, as they call it.

Obſ. Read it your ſelf, *Roger*; I will hear it.

Country-m. I'll do any Thing, Maſter, to pleaſe you; it is thus:

" Whereas in my publick *News-Letters*, of " the 18th of *February* 1705. the inſuing Para- " graph was inſerted, *viz.*

" We have an Account from *Briſtol*, of a " pretty odd Prank that was play'd there on " the 30th of *January* laſt; in Ridicule of that " Day, ſome of the phanatick Crew met toge- " ther in the Street, call'd, *The Old Market*, in " the Pariſh of St. *Stephen*'s, and dreſs'd up a Fi- " gure to repreſent the Royal Martyr, with a " white Cap on his Head, which they ſet up- " on a Maſtiff-Dog, and carry'd it to the Place " for the mock Execution; where, on a Block, " one of them chop'd off his Head with an Ax, " with loud Huzza's and Acclamations; and " being aſk'd by ſome honeſt Gentlemen, that " paſs'd by, what they meant by the Action? " They reply'd, *'Twas the 30th of* January, " *and that the Figure repreſented* Charles *the I.* " I think this a Piece of Impudence beyond " that of *The Calves-Head-Club.*

" Now, I do hereby acknowledge, upon bet- " ter Information, that I was impos'd upon by " Letters from ill-meaning Perſons, and that " there was no Ground for my Writing as a- " bove; and therefore, I do hereby publickly " acknowledge my Miſtake; and do beg Par- " don of the Major, Aldermen, and Citizens " of *Briſtol*, for ſo doing.

Now, Maſter, your Opinion. From whence had *Dyer* this Information? And why is he not proſecuted for ſetting the Subjects together by the Ears with his Lies? When her Majeſty has ſo often declar'd from the Throne, that ſhe is for Peace and Union among her Subjects, and recommends the like Meaſures to others.

Obſ. Roger, one Fool may aſk more Queſtions, than ten wiſe Men can anſwer. I muſt chuſe another *Country-man*, except you learn better Manners, and be more modeſt: But leaſt you ſhould upbraid me with the Loſs of *Engliſh* Courage, I'll give you an Anſwer. Perhaps, *Dyer* had his Information from the *Fob of the Rehearſal*'s *Sandwich Breeches*: And you know, *Roger*, that *Teague*, and all the reſt of that Tribe, pretend they write for Prerogative, and ſome ſay they are pay'd for it; but becauſe you and I talk and write for Liberty and *Property, and the Prerogative as it's founded on Magna Charta*, we are pay'd no otherwiſe, than by ſending Ruffians to break our Bones, or putting us into the *Crown-Office*, when we have not a Crown in our Pockets to maintain our Families: But of this enough. I muſt to Bed, *Roger*.

Advertiſements.

Juſt publiſh'd, the ſecond Edition (Corrected and Amended by the Author) of

‡‡‡ The Wooden World diſſected, in the Characters of 1. A Ship of War. 2. A Sea-Captain. 3. A Sea-Lieutenant. 4. A Sea-Chaplain. 5. The Maſter of a Ship of War. 6. The Purſer. 7. The Surgeon. 8. The Gunner. 9. The Carpenter. 10. The Boatſwain. 11. A Sea-Cook. 12. A Midſhip-man. 13. The Captain's Steward. 14. A Sailor, *&c.* By a Lover of the Mathematicks. Sold by *B. Bragge* in *Pater-Noſter-Row*. Price bound 1 *s.*

Juſt publiſh'd,

*** The Quakers Sermon on the Union; being the only Sermon preach'd and printed, on that Subject, by that Sort of People. Sold by *B. Bragge*, in *Pater-Noſter-Row*. Price 2 *d.*

Theſe are to give Notice,

*** That *Mary Kirleus*, Widow of *John Kirleus*, Son of Dr. *Thomas Kirleus*, a Collegiate Phyſician of *London*, and Sworn Phyſician in Ordinary to King *Charles* II. is the only Perſon that ſells (exactly perpar'd) his Famous Drink and Pill, which is eminently experienc'd to cure all Ulcers, Sores, Scabs, Itch, Scurfs, Scurvies, Leproſies, Venereal and *French* Diſeaſe, Running of the Reins, and all ſuch Malignities, tho' never ſo inveterate, in all Conſtitutions, at all Seaſons of the Year, hindering no buſineſs, without Fluxing or the Uſe of *Mercury*, which is generally deſtructive. Theſe Medicines are truly and faithfully prepar'd, as directed by her Huſband, and as made and deliver'd to his patients by her in his Life-time, (they being the only perſons then that ſold it, and to whom the ſecret was ever imparted.) Therefore beware of ſeveral late ignorant Pretenders, for ſhe is the only perſon that knows the Doctor's Methods of curing, which ſhe practiſes with great ſucceſs, as has been ſeveral Times mention'd in the *Gazette*. She cures many after Fluxing, compaſſionates the Diſtreſs'd, and deals with all perſons according to their Abilities. The Drink is 3 *s.* the Quart, the Pills 1 *s.* the Box, with Directions; ſhe gives Advice *gratis*. ☞ She is remov'd from the *Glaſs Lanthorn* in *Plough-Yard*, to the *Golden Ball* in *Hand-Court*, over againſt *Great Turn-Stile*, in *Holborn*.

*** Your old Phyſician Dr. *Caſe*, deſires you not to forget him, who cures all Venereal Diſeaſes, or the Grand P—, with all its attending Symptoms, very cheap, pleaſant, and no Neglect of Buſineſs, in few Days, at *Lilly's Head*, over againſt *Ludgate Church*, within *Black-Fryars* Gate-way.

‡‡‡ Advertiſements for this Paper, are taken in by *B. Bragge* at the *Raven* in *Pater-Noſter-Row*; and *H. Meere*, at the *Black-Fryar* in *Black-Fryars*.

LONDON, Printed for the Author, JOHN TUTCHIN.